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INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF GOV. C. B. AYCOCK

Important State Questions Ably Discussed.

GOVERNOR WHOLE PEOPLE

Republican Rule in Past—Necessity For Disfranchisement of the Negro. Education of the Masses Advocated. Industrial Development.

RALEIGH, Jan. 15.—The following is in part the address of Governor Aycock, who was inaugurated today:

Gentlemen of the General Assembly, Ladies and Fellow Citizens:

Every four years brings us a change of administration but not always a change of policy. This year we meet under extraordinary circumstances—one party goes out of power and another comes in; one policy ends and a new one begins; one century passes away and a new century claims our service; a new constitution greets the new century. For thirty years of the nineteenth century we struggled in every way against the evils of a suffrage based on manhood only. We found in the first days of that struggle that theory had outrun practice and that reality had yielded place to sentiment. At that time we had just emerged from an unsuccessful and disastrous war. Our property had been swept away, our institutions had been destroyed, the foundation of our social fabric had been overturned. We were helpless. A victorious, but ungenerous political enemy had crushed us to the earth; they had forced upon us the recognition of theories that we knew could not be reduced to successful practice. We were poor, weak and defeated. We "accepted the situation." We did our best to prove the falsity of our convictions.

Negroes and Citizenship.

We endeavored with sincerity to bring the negroes to a realization of the true dignity of full citizenship. We urgently strove to instill into their minds that their true interests were likewise ours; we sought with great solicitude and with much sacrifice of toil and capital to convince them that parties were the servants and not the masters of the people, and that no past services of a party, however beneficial these services might appear, justified the destruction of good and safe and economical government in order to secure its success. We provided schools for them and spent for them as we spent for our own children. We cared for their insane and opened schools for the education of their afflicted and for the care and tuition of those who were left fatherless and motherless. We continued these efforts in the face of repeated evidence of their hostility and abated not our purposes when they repeated their follies. We still hoped that they would follow the example of the whites and divide their vote along the lines of governmental, industrial and moral issues. The result was a disappointment.

Negroes and Republicanism.

The negro was always to be counted upon and our opponents did not hesitate at any excess because they knew that they had 130,000 voters who could be relied upon to support any policy however ruinous which bore the stamp of republicanism. With this vote as a certainty our adversaries, when they came to power after twenty years of defeat dared new evils and wrongs. Under their rule lawlessness walked the state like a pestilence—death stalked abroad at noonday—"sleep lay down armed"—the sound of the pistol was more frequent than the song of the mocking bird—the screams of women fleeing from pursuing brutes closed the gates of our hearts with a shock. Our opponents, unmindful of the sturdy determination of our people to have safe, good government at all hazards became, indifferent or incapable of enforcing law and preserving order. Confident of of the support of this ignorant mass of negro voters, the Republican party and its ally forgot the strength and determination of that people who fought the first fight in Alamance against bad government and wrote the first Declaration of Independence in Mecklenburg. They challenged North Carolinians to combat and the world knows the result. The campaign of 1898 ended in a victory for good government. That was not a contest of passion but of necessity. When we came to power we desired merely the security of life, liberty and property. We had seen all these menaced by 130,000 negro votes cast as the vote of one man. We had seen our chief city pass through blood and death in search of safety.

We did not dislike the negro but we did love good government. We knew that he was incapable of giving us that and we resolved, not in anger, but for the safety of the state, to curtail his power. We had seen what a struggle it required to preserve even the form of republican government with him as a voter. The negro was not only ignorant—he was clannish. The educated among them who realized the danger to the state in mass voting were unable to free themselves from the power of its ostracism.

Disfranchisement of the Negro.

When the legislature of 1899 met it was confronted with these facts and was sincerely anxious to save the good and suppress the evil of those forces which had made our history. They, therefore, submitted to the people for their action an amendment to the constitution which forbids any man to vote who cannot read and write, but excepts from the operation of this restrictive clause all those who could vote in any state on January the first, 1867, or at any time prior thereto, or who are descended from any such voter. This provision excludes no white man, except persons of foreign birth not yet familiar with our institutions, and excludes no negro who can read and write, and no negro whether he can read and write or not who could vote prior to January 1st, 1867, or who is descended from one who could vote at any time prior to said date. This amendment to our constitution eliminates no capable negro. Indeed, it sets free those negroes who, believing in certain principles of government, have been restrained by loyalty to the mass from voting their convictions. It does no injustice to the negro. It really benefits him. It does recognize the necessity for having some test of capacity and it prescribes two rules of evidence by which this capacity may be ascertained, and declares that any man capable of meeting either test shall vote. If a white man can read and write he can vote; if a negro can read and write he can vote. If a white man cannot read and write, but is descended from one who could vote on January 1, 1867, or at any time prior thereto, or if he could himself vote before that time, he can vote. There is, therefore, in our amendment no taint of that inequality provided against in the fifteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States; and in order that the question might not even be suggested and realizing the importance of educating the white and black alike, our amendment requires every boy of whatever color, now 18 years of age to learn to read and write under penalty of losing his vote. Interpreted in this fashion we may with complacency accept the declaration of the Republican national platform, that our amendment is revolutionary. So was the war of independence distinctly known as the Revolution and our liberties are founded upon it. Our amendment may be revolutionary, but it is a revolution of advancement. It takes no step backward, it distinctly looks to the future; it sees the day of universal suffrage, but sees that day, not in the obscurity of ignorance, but in the light of universal education. The twilight will grow into the perfect day with the sun of intelligence shining in the sky. That is our hope and promise. We shall not fail.

Will Fulfill His Promise.

On a hundred platforms, to half the voters of the state in the late campaign, I pledged the State, its strength, its heart, its wealth, to universal education. I promised the illiterate poor man, bound to a life of toil and struggle and poverty that life should be brighter for his boy and girl than it had been for him and the partner of his sorrows and joys. I pledged the wealth of the state to the education of his children. Men of wealth, representatives of our great corporations applauded eagerly my declaration. I then realized that the strong desire which dominated me for the uplifting of the whole people moved not only my heart, but was likewise the hope and aspiration of those upon whom fortune had smiled. I had loved the North Carolina people before that time, but I never knew and appreciated the best qualities of many of our citizens until I saw the owners of many thousands as eager for the education of the whole people as I was myself. Then I knew that the hope and task before us, Gentlemen of the Legislature, was not an impossible one.

We are prospering as never before—our wealth increases, our industries multiply, our commerce extends and among the owners of this wealth, this multiplying industry, this extending commerce, I have found no man who is unwilling to make the state stronger and better by liberal aid to the cause of education.

Pleads for Education.

Gentlemen of the General Assembly, you will not have aught to fear when you make ample provision for the education of the whole people. Rich and poor alike are bound by promise and necessity to approve your utmost efforts in this direction. The platforms of all the parties declare in favor of a liberal policy towards the education of the masses; notably the Democratic platform says:

"We heartily commend the action of the General Assembly of 1899 for appropriating $100,000 for the benefit of the public schools of the state, and pledge ourselves to increase the school fund so as to make at least a four months' term in each year in every school district in the state."

Poor and unlettered men, anxious about the privileges of their children and hesitating to vote to the amendment, were finally persuaded to accept our promise and place their children in a position in which they can never vote unless the pledges which we made are redeemed to the fullest extent.

If more taxes are required to carry out this promise to the people more taxes must be levied. If property has escaped taxation heretofore which ought to have been taxed, means must be devised by which that property can be reached and put on the tax list. I would cripple no industry; I would retard the growth of no enterprise; but I would by just and equal laws require from every owner of property his just contribution, to the end that all the children may secure the right to select their servants.

Favors General Education.

Appropriations alone cannot remove illiteracy from our state. With the appropriations must come also an increased interest in this cause which shall not cease until every child can read and write. The preachers, the teachers, the newspapers and the mothers of North Carolina must be unceasing in their efforts to arouse the indifferent and compel by the force of public opinion the attendance of every child upon the schools. It is easier to accomplish this since the amendment to our constitution raises its solemn voice and declares that the child who arrives at age after 1908 cannot share in the glorious privilege of governing his state nor participate in the policies of the nation unless he can read and write. This is, therefore, the opportune moment for the revival of educational interest throughout the length and breadth of the state. We shall not accomplish this work in a day nor can it be done by many speeches. It is a work of years to be done day by day with a full realization of its importance and with that anxious interest on our part which will stimulate the careless and will make all our people eager to attain the end which we seek. Our statesmen have always favored the education of the masses, but heretofore interest in the matter has not approached universality.

An Era of Industrial Development.

We enter an era of industrial development. Growth in that direction is dependent upon intelligence—not the intelligence of the few, but of all. Massachusetts realized this fact from the day when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock and by that clear perception she has won wealth out of bleak coasts and sterile lands. Our forefathers acknowledged the same fact in their first constitution and from that time to the present our constitution and legislative acts have all looked towards this end; but the whole people have never before been awakened to its advocacy.

Care must be taken on your part, gentlemen of the legislature, to bring the schools in the remotest districts up to the standard of the constitution, that at least four months of school must be carried on in every school district in each year. Our party platform follows the constitution and we cannot afford to violate either. If there are districts which are weak they must be strengthened by those which are strong. The good book tells us that the strong should bear the infirmities of the weak, and the lessons of that great authority are of utility in our political life. There has grown up an idea among strongmen men that only the strong are to be considered and benefited; that the poor and weak are the burden bearers who deserve no aid and are weak because of their follies. A great state can never act on this theory, but will always recognize that the strong can care for themselves while the true aim of the state is to provide equal and just laws, giving to the weak opportunity to grow strong and restraining the powerful from oppressing the less fortunate.

Thousands of Republicans and Populists joined with us in securing our more than 60,000 majority. I shall, therefore, confidently expect you, gentlemen of the legislature, without regard to party, to frame an election law fair in every purpose, clear in every detail and to provide machinery by which every man qualified under our constitution shall be able to vote and shall know that his vote is effective.

We have a great state, rich in noble manhood, richer still in her high-minded womanhood; a state with countless treasures awaiting seekers; with riches in her fields and woods, streams and sounds, hills and mountains sufficient to satisfy our dreams of wealth; with a frugal and industrious population ready to toil just awakening fully to the possibilities before them. All that we need "to complete the circle of our felicities" is peace.

From Currituck to Cherokee the law must have full sway. The mob has no place in our civilization. The courts are the creation of the constitution and the juries are drawn from the people. If changes be necessary in order to secure a better and more certain administration of justice, you, gentlemen of the legislature, can make these changes, but it should be distinctly and finally understood of all men that safety can be found only in obedience to law.

I wish to say to the negroes of this state that they have been misinformed if they have heard that this administration will be unfriendly to them. Their every right under the constitution shall be absolutely preserved; they will find security in right conduct and certain punishment for failure to obey the law. Let them learn that crimes which lead to mob law must cease and then mob law shall curse our state no more. I call upon all upright negroes to aid me in suppressing crime in all its forms. The white people owe a high duty to the negro. It was necessary to the safety of the state to base suffrage on capacity to exercise it wisely. This results in excluding a great number of negroes from the ballot, but their right to life, liberty, property and justice must be even more carefully safeguarded than ever. It is true that a superior race cannot submit to the rule of a weaker race without injury; it is also true in the long years of God that the strong cannot oppress the weak without destruction. I said on April 11, 1900, and I now repeat it as a deep conviction, that "universal justice is the perpetual decree of Almighty God, and we are entrusted with power not for our good alone, but for the negro as well. We hold our title to power by tenure of service to God, and if we fail to administer equal and exact justice to the negro whom we deprive of suffrage, we shall in the fulness of time lose power ourselves, for we must know that the God who is love trusts no people with authority for the purpose of enabling them to do injustice to the weak."

I come to the high task to which the people have called me with many misgivings. I know, if not adequately, something of my weakness and I likewise know, if not to the fullest extent, the many difficulties which will beset my way. I come to the work humbly, with deep anxiety and with an earnest desire to serve the people well.

Chosen by my party unanimously, elected by the people by a majority such as has never been given to any other man, I am bound by every obligation to serve to my utmost. The task is a difficult one. I shall make mistakes. When I shall have done the right thing I shall even then sometimes be misunderstood by my friends who will see my action, not from my standpoint as the governor of the state, but from theirs. When I shall have done wrong I shall not expect approval; I do not wish it. I want to know my mistakes to the end that I may correct them, because I am certain that I shall be judged at last by the whole tenor of my administration and by no one particular act.

I have been elected as a Democrat. I shall administer the high office to which I have been called in accordance with the policies and principles of that great party, but I wish it distinctly understood that I shall strive to be a just governor of all the people without regard to party, color or creed. The law will be enforced with impartiality and no man's position shall go unheard and unconsidered because he differs from me in politics, or in color. My obligation is to the state and the state is all her citizens.

I shall need the support of every citizen in the state. My work is your work; I am but your servant and if I serve you wisely it will be because my ears shall be constantly open to counsel and my mind shall be, so far as in me lies, kept free from prejudice to the end that I may know wisdom. But with all the aid which can come from men I shall fail unless I have the guidance of that God who rules the destinies of states and nations and men, to whom with reverence I commend this good state and her gracious people.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Bill Has a Good Time Watching the Grandchildren Play With their Toys.

Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

This Christmas is like "lengthened sweetness long drawn out" at our house for the boys have gathered from the four corners and brought their love and their rations with them. New York brought a huge box of decorations for the Christmas tree. It was beautiful beyond description. Dolls of silk and satin and paper, all covered with glittering spangles—little angels with pearly wings suspended by threads of invisible rubber, golden glass in rainbow colors—scores of little wax candles to illuminate the scene. Oh, it was like a fairy vision, and every limb and twig of the stately long leaf pine was burdened with Christmas gifts for old and young. There were twenty-four of the family present, and it took half the night to untie and unfold the surprises, for all were remembered over and over again by old Santa. Yes, all, even to the venerable old patriarch—the "Paterfamilias," the antique ancestor, for he bought me a bull and a monkey-jack and some candy, because he had heard that I was the boy—the only boy about the house. But later on I discovered a silk cap and a pair of slippers some handkerchiefs and an inkstand that the little grandchildren can't spill the ink out of if they turn it over. Little Mary Lou, who is Jessie's child, got so many dolls and pretty things that she looked tired and drawing a long breath said: "Grandpa, it's too much, and I cant hardly stand it." There were toys and books, and vases and perfumes and baskets and gloves, and jewels and other gifts to numerous to mention. Mexico brought a beautiful hand-woven Castilian shawl for my wife, and she strpts around as blithe and gay as Eden's garden bird, "My boy brought it from Mexico," she says forty time a day. "My boy and my children" are always on the tip of her tongue, 'Well, that's all right. They are her boys, sure enough, and she knows it. There may be some doubt sometimes, about who is the father of a child, but everybody knows who is its mother. Downstairs has all been clothed with mistetoe and holly. Geraniums from the pit are placed all around, and some beautiful roses lift up their lovely forms from beautiful vases that old Santa Claus brought. Bunches of mistetoe hang from every chandelier, and every time these merry mischievious girls find me standing under one, the slip up unawares and claim a kiss. Even Mis. Arp lost her dignity and, coming slyly behind me, suddenly wrapped the drapery of her Castilian shawl around me and claimed a mistetoe kiss from my capacious lips.

But the old marble clock that for nearly fifty years has stood upon the mantel ticking the moments and recording the hours as they pass, did stop on Christmas night, and at midnight the happy group retired to rest and happy dreams. Next day came the feast—the Christmas dinner. Every leaf was placed on the long extension table. At each end was a large well-browned turkey, and all the intermediate space crowded with luxuries for the inner man and woman. Eighteen of the family were the welcome guests at the table while six of the infantiles surrounded a smaller one nearby. I never asked a blessing with a more grateful heart, for Providence has been kind, and since last we met no affliction or calamity has befallen us. Verily the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. Would that all our kindred in the land—the rich and the poor—could have a like happy and unclouded Christmas. As I survey the happy scene it is enough to look upon the serenity of the maternal ancestor as she gazes fondly upon her boys—yes, her boys, who have come so far to give her joy and comfort. Oh, ye boys—ye young men and middle aged, whom fortune or fate has removed far from old mother's tender care and solicitude, don't forget her yearnings and if you cannot go to her at least once a year, write to her every month and comfort her with your loving letters. The papers are full of crimes of all descriptions, but in my opinion, there is none that will more surely provoke the curse of God than for a man to neglect or distress his mother.

Yesterday the boys with their mother and sisters visited the old homestead—the farm in the country, where our children grew up to manhood and womanhood — where these scattered boys worked and plowed and planted and reaped, where they had sown; where they labored hard by day and hunted 'possums by night; where they went to the neighboring mill and fished in the pond while the grist was grinding; where Carl and Jessie went to school and crossed the creek on a slender footlog, and gathered haws and maypops and wild strawberries on the way. These boys and their sisters wanted to revisit the old scenes and drink from the same old gushing spring. These boys wanted to see the old meadow where the big trees stood in their majesty—the oak trees that we had named for Roscoe Conkling and Blaine, and the big sycamore that was named for Voorhees, the tall sycamore of the Wabash.

They wanted to see the old barnyard where they used to tease old Pete, the Merino ram and incite him to rear on his hind legs and run to butt them as they presented their posteriors in a defiant and provoking manner. Sometime they got out of his way just in time, but ever and anon they dident, and he sent them on their winding way scratching the ground on their all-fours. They wanted to see the grave of old Bowe, that good old dog whom they loved. I did not go for there was no room, and as I am the boy, I had to stay at home and take care of Jessie's children.

Well, they came back in due time and it was amusing to me to hear them tell how everything had changed in these dozen years: how the house seemed to have sunk into the ground a foot or two and the farm had shrunk up and the fields were smaller and the hills lower and the shade trees shortened at the top. I've been through all that before, and was not surprised. Interspersed with our daily and nightly pleasures we have music, good music, classical music of the great masters and minstrel music with choruses from all the band and even my wife, Mrs. Arp, was constrained to play the "Caliph of Bagdad" with her first-born daughter—her daughter. Music is our family's gift, and all have voices for harmony of sweet sounds. This gift, I suppose comes from their mother, and her touch upon the ivory keys is still as delicate as when she was a lassie of sixteen. I used to think that I, too, had a melodious voice, and sometimes would venture to hyst the tune in Sunday school when the tune hyster was absent, and, like the crow who tried to sing, I thought I did it finely. Nobody else ever told me so, and one day my wife said that my voice was a little cracked and if she was me she would not try to raise the tunes in the church any more. It was a revelation that shocked me, and I have never sung in church since, nor anywhere else. There are voices in church choirs of the same kind, but nobody will tell them. They are called falsetto.

Farewell Christmas — farewell old Santa Claus—while we all rejoice, let us not forget that Christmas commemorates the birth of the Saviour of men—the nativity of Kris Krinkle, which means "the little Christ child." It is well enough to rejoice, but we should at the same time reflect and be grateful.

Christians Up to A Certain Point.

Biblical Recorder.

A recent fiction tells a story of a man who declared that he was a Christian up to a certain point. The story is as follows: "Uncle was riding on the cars occupying a seat to himself, a woman evangelist came and took a seat beside him. "My friend," said she, "are you a Christian?" "Fore I answer I'm have to tell you a story," said Uncle Ba. "I recollect a man by the name o' Ranney over'n Vermont—he was a pious man. Got into an argument, an a feller slapped him in the face. Ranney turned 'tother side an' then 'tother, an' the feller kep salappin hot'n heavy. It was just like strappin a razor for half a minit. Then Ranney sailed in—give him the wust lickin' he ever had."

"I declare," said another man when it was all over, "I thought you were a Christian." "Am up to a certain point," says he.

While we have no comment to make as to whether the aforesaid Ranney was justifiable in whipping the man who had slapped his face, we do say that it is too true that many of us are Christians only up to a certain point.

When God says "give and it shall be given to you again heaped up shaken together and running over," we are willing to risk it with a few surplus dollars; but how few are willing like the widow to risk the whole living!

God says "go," but we are willing to risk sending.

God says separate yourselves from the world—but we are willing to give up public offenses and hurtful vices, but how few are willing to consecrate life and labor and all to the service of God! Alas! we are only Christians up to a certain point. We are willing to work in God's vineyard so long as He works on our farm.

These Are the Tests.

Of dignity: Never to forget yourself.

Of unselfishness: Never to remember yourself.

Of a clerk: Not what he earns, but what he spends.

Of happiness: The art of forgetting actual unhappiness.

Of unhappiness: The habit of forgetting actual happiness.

Of a millionaire: Not what he spends, but what he earns.

Of beauty: Not that it is perfect, but that it always attracts.

Of a good comrade: How much you enjoy talking to him.

Of purity: Not what life has not seen but what it has not touched.

Of charm: Not how much you feel it, but how keenly you remember it.

Of a student: Not how much he knows but how much he wants to know.

Of a realist: Not that he never depicts ideally, but that he never depicts falsely.

Of a fine man: Not the harm that he does not do but the good that he does do.

Of fascination: Not how keenly you remember it, but how much else you forget.

Of the worst pessimism: Leading a poor life and preaching what you practice.

Of a woman's power: Not how exclusively you think of her when she is there but how often you think of her when she is not there.

Of virtue: Not what it does not do but what it does not want to do.

The 'Possum as a Weather Sign.

Asheville Citizen.

An old hunter, in speaking of the fine weather this winter, remarked that there would be no winter this time—that is, no severe weather. In support of this he quoted the 'possum prophecy. "If the 'possums," he said, "have a thick coat of fur on their backs, then you may get in an extra supply of coal, for it's going to be awful cold. But if the fur is thin you may expect mild weather. Of all the 'possums I have seen this season, not one wore a thick coat. That's what makes me say there won't be any very bad winter."

White Man Turned Yellow.

Great consternation was felt by the friends of M. A. Hogarty of Lexington, Ky., when they saw he was turning yellow. His skin slowly changed color, also his eyes, and he suffered terribly. His malady was Yellow Jaundice. He was treated by the best doctors, but without benefit. Then he was advised to try Electric Bitters, the wonderful Stomach and Liver remedy, and he writes: "After taking two bottles I was wholly cured." A trial proves its matchless merit for all Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles. Only 50c. Sold by J. R. Curry & Co. Druggist.

GEN. JOHN B. GORDON.

War Horse, Tells Thrilling Story of Escape.

T. R. Jones, Jr., in Atlanta Journal.

"A story of a close call," said General Gordon, as he leaned back in his office chair and looked musingly out of the window. He had laid aside his papers and for a few moments he sat quietly; his head inclined slightly and his expression changing quickly as his mind reverted to the stirring incidents in a history in which he paid so large a part.

In an instant his keen eye and commanding features assumed expression of a soldier and one could almost see him on his horse, the excitement of war before him and the prospect of immediate smoke and plenty of it.

Then he smiled and said:

"Well, well, you want a story of the war? I saw many moments during that four years when it looked as if my time had come, but possibly the narrowest escape I ever experienced was one spring evening shortly before the close of the war.

"It was on the 6th of May, 1864, a day which will possibly never be forgotten by many soldiers both in the Union and Confederate armies.

"Shortly before dark my command had assailed the right flank of Grant's army, scattering it into confused detachments and literally destroying Sedgewick's corps. Every command on our front, as my troops swept down the line, was thrown into the wildest disorder and when night hovered over the two great armies the ranks of the enemy were tangled into an almost helpless condition.

"The darkness grew deeper and blacker and the smoke of the battle aided by the shadows of night made it utterly impossible for my command to do more than grope its way through the heavy underbrush of the wilderness, where the engagement had occurred.

"I saw that it would be necessary to halt for the night and I accordingly ordered one of my brigades to cover our front as a skirmish and picket line until morning and instructed them to report to me its position at the earliest moment.

"The hazy blackness rendered more gloomy by the dense shade of the forest greatly impeded the progress of the brigade, and while they endeavored to get into position I began to grow uneasy. Time passed and I heard nothing from them. My anxiety increased each moment and finally realizing the danger of delay and resolve under the suspense, I decided to personally look into the cause of the delay.

"I took with me only one courier, William Beasley, who had enlisted from LaGrange.

"Silently and cautiously we began our ride toward the front. Neither of us spoke. Even the horses seemed to realize that much depended upon them and they walked almost noiselessly over the soft earth, avoiding every tree and limb.

"Suddenly without any premonition we found ourselves in the midst of a large body of troops without alignment or definite formation, which I believed to be my own brigade.

"Not for a moment did I realize that I had missed the position of my own command and ridden into the very midst of the blue coats.

"Satisfied that I was among my own men and desiring to know how the officer in charge had gotten the troops into such a tangled condition, I cautioned Beasley to make no remark which would indicate my identity.

"There was the only faintest twinkle of a star in the heavens and accordingly the color of their uniforms was not distinguished to my eye.

"For several moments we stood undecided hardly knowing what course to pursue when Beasley, who had ridden close to my side, leaned over to me and said in a whisper:

"General, these are not our men; they are Yankees."

"Hush, Beasley," I replied. "That is nonsense. How could we miss the brigade, which, according to my order, should be here, and get among the enemy's lines?"

A moment more we stood, and then Beasley seized me earnestly by the arm and said:

"General, I tell you, sir, they are Yankees. I have just been looking at their coats and then at yours. I can plainly see that their's are blue.

"I again cautioned him not to speak. Our only safety now lay in turning our horses heads slowly in the direction of the camp and get on the outer edge of the men and then ascertain definitely whether they were Union or Confederate soldiers.

"I had scarcely breathed my order to Beasely when we were halted by three soldiers who had evidently made the discovery that we had, and had learned that we did not belong to their side of the line.

"When the words of the sentry rang out over the stillness of the night a hundred men were on their feet and in a second's time we were surrounded by a body of union troopers on every side.

"I saw that our time had come, either to submit to capture or to dare a most hazardous effort to escape.

"As is usually the case in such emergencies, the brain acts with lightning rapidity. In a few seconds I had weighed the narrow chance of escape. Simultaneously, however there rushed through my brain the horrors of prison life, and I resolved to take the risk.

"It was a move which meant either liberty or instant death from fifty, possibly a hundred bullets. I decided to make the dash through and over the men who had gathered around us trusting to chance, which some times takes care of us when it seems least possible.

"I was riding a magnificent horse, which had but a few hours before been captured by some of my troops, ridden at the time, they said by General Shaler, of the Union army, who had been taken prisoner that day by my own forces. My own horse had been disabled in the conflict of the afternoon and in his stead I had mounted this superb creature, who was both spirited and active.

"I threw myself down on his side and stamped the saddle with my left leg. Hanging to this position with my left arm around his neck, and gaining his bridle near the mouth, I called out, 'Come on, Beasley,' and before the astonished soldiers, who had not looked for any move so daring could collect themselves I had made one swift bound. Beasley, who was a magnificent rider, followed my example. Digging our spurs into the sides of the animals, we leaped forward with tremendous force, knocking down and possibly trampling under the horses' hoofs the sentries who tried to interfere.

"Instantly there was a solid roll of musketry, but neither ourselves nor our horses were struck.

"I did not even hear the whistle of a bullet, and I am sure that in the great excitement of the moment those veteran soldiers of the Union army had forgotten to aim, and had simply fired their rifles in the air, or were perhaps unable to bring their guns to bear on us on account of being so closely crowded together and in such large numbers.

"At any rate, we did not stop to investigate. We made good our escape with no loss whatever except the strips of gray cloth which we left in the chinkapin and scrub oak bushes through which our horses rushed at such furious rate.

"I believe it was the narrowest escape from death that I ever experienced or ever saw, and in thinking of the old war times I sometimes wonder how I ever made up my mind to do it, and how, after all, both of us were not killed in the attempt."

Tennyson's Sweetheart.

Grace Church Record.

Tennyson's niece, Agnes Grace Weld, has written a charming and touching paper upon her uncle in the Contemporary Review. What is of special interest is the testimony which she gives of the simple, childlike faith of the great poet. Miss Weld says:

"He is pre-eminently a man of prayer, and, as he told me shortly before his death never had one earnest prayer of his fail to receive an answer. Holding in an intense degree the spirituality of religion, he and his wife attached great value to the partaking together of the holy communion, and my uncle would often dwell in his talks with me upon the special nearness of Christ to him in this, but the manner thereof, he said was far too sacred to be expressed in words."

She describes the delightful walks which she used to have with her uncle along the Down of Freshwater, during which the poet's conversation on religious topics seems to have been singularly free and unrestrained:

"Nothing that others ever spoke to me, and nothing I ever read, even in the pages of the Bible, ever made the impression upon me that his words and manner did when he would say to me, in exactly the same, natural way as a child would express his delight at his father making him his companion: "God is with us now on this Down as we two are walking together, just as truly as Christ was with the two disciples on the way to Emmaus; we can not see Him, but He the Father and the Saviour and the Spirit, is nearer, perhaps, now than then to those who are not afraid to believe the words of the apostles about the actual and real presence of God and his Christ with all who yearn for it.' I said I thought such a near actual presence would be awful to most people. 'Surely the love of God takes away and makes us forget all our fear he answered. I should be sorely afraid to live my life without God's presence; but to feel that He is by my side now, just as much as you are, that is the very joy of my heart.' And I looked on Tennyson as he spoke, and the glory of God rested upon his face, and I felt that the presence of the Most High had indeed, overshadowed him.

A Whistler Who Turns His Talent to Account.

Wilmington Dispatch.

J. Kenner Westbrook, Wilmington's noted whistler, who went to New York some time ago to confer with theatrical managers regarding an engagement by which he could put his unusual talents to profitable use, has closed a contract with the Edison Phonograph Company to whistle forenoons at $75 a week and with B. F. Keith, the theatrical manager, afternoons at a like sum, making a total salary of $150 a week. His whistling is wonderful. The Edison people were carried away with it and Keith was no less profuse in his praise.

Time Will Tell.

Wilmington Messenger.

Can the legislature do anything to put the brakes severely upon the trusts operating within North Carolina? If it can will it not go as far as the power will permit and thus bring some relief to the people who are being ground in the mills of the Philistines?

He Was Easily Impressed.

Harper's Bazar.

"Walter is very much in love with Gladys."

"How do you know?"

"He started to enlarge upon her hair, her eyes, her nose, her mouth"—

"That's impossible."—

Saved Two From Death.

"Our little daughter had an almost fatal attack of whooping cough and bronchitis," writes Mrs. W. E. Haviland, of Armonk, N. Y., "but, when all other remedies failed, we saved her life with Dr. King's New Discovery. Our niece who had Consumption in an advanced stage, also used this wonderful medicine and to-day she is perfectly well." Desperate throat and lung diseases yield to Dr. King's New Discovery as to no other medicine on earth. Infallible for Coughs and Colds. 50c and $1.00 bottles guaranteed by J. R. Curry & Co. Trial bottles free.